

NAUVOO

NEIGHBOR.

OUR MOTTO—THE SAINTS' SINGULARITY—IS UNITY, LIBERTY, CHARITY.

Volume I.—No. 31.

THE NAUVOO NEIGHBOR,

EDITED BY JOHN TAYLOR.

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Letters must be addressed to the Editor,

(John Taylor,) POST PAID, to receive attention.

POETRY.

GOD.

O Thou External One! whose presence bright

All space doth occupy—all motion guide;

Unchanged thro' Time's all-devassing flight,

Thou only God! There is no God beside,

Being above all beings! Mighty One!

Whom none can comprehend, and none ex-

plore;

Who fills all existence with Thyself alone;

Embracing all—supporting—ruing o'er—

Being whom we call God—and know no

more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy

May measure out the Ocean deep—may count

The stars, or the Sun's rays; but God! for

These

There is no weight nor measure; none can

mount

Up to the mysteries, Reason's brightest spark,

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would

try

To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;

And Thought is lost ere thought can soar so

high;

E'en like past moments in eternity.

Then, from primeval nothingness, didst call

First, Chaos, then Existence. Lord, on Thee

Eternity had its foundation; a

Spring forth from Thee: of Light, Joy, Harmony,

ny.

Sole & givin—all life, all beauty, Thine.

They word created all, and deth create;

They splendor fill a'space with rays divine.

They art and wert, and shalt be glorious! great:

Life-living, life-sustaining, Potentate.

They chains the unmeasured universe surround

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!

Then the beginning, w th the end hast bound,

And beautifully mingled Life and Death!

As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,

Suns are born, as worlds spring forth from

Their!

And as the suns—in the sunny rays

Shine round the silver snow, the pageanty

Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise;

A million tresses lighted by Thy hand

Wander unswered through the blue abyss;

They own thy power, accomplish thy com-

mand,

All gay with life, all clowns with b'ises:

What shall we call them? Files of crystal

light?

A glorious companion of go'den streams?

Lamps of celestial ether burning bright!

Suns, lighting systems w th their joyous b'ams,

But Thou, to those, art as the noon to night.

Yea! as a drop of water in the Sea,

All this magnificence in Thee is lost!—

What are a thousand Worlds compared to

Thee?

And what am I, when Heaven's unnumbered

host,

Though multiplied by myrads, and arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,

Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against thy greatness—is a cipher brought

Against him! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! but the effluvia of Thy light di-

vine.

Pervading worlds, bath reached my bosom too;

Yes, in my spirit do b Thy spirit shin;

As thin as the sun-beam in a drop of dew.

Nought! but I live and on hope's pinions fly,

Even now as Thy presence: for in Thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,

Even on the throne of Thy Divinity;

I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!

Direct my understanding than to Thee;

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;

Though but an atom 'midst imm'num nute,

Still I am! Something fashioned by Thy hand!

I hold a middle rank, 'twixt Heaven and Earth.

On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realm where angels have their

birth,

Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;

In me is matter's last gradation lost;

And the next step is Spirit—Deity!

I can command the lightning, and am dust!

A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God!

Whence came I here, and how? a marvellous-

ly

Constructed and conceived, unknown? This

c'd

Lives surely through some higher energy;

For from itself alone it could not be.

Cra'or! Yes! Thy Wisdom and Thy Word

Created me! Thou source of Life and Good!

Thou Spirit of my spi it, and my Lord!

Thy Light, Thy Love, in their bright pleni-

tude

Filled me with an immortal Soul, to spring

Over the abyss of Death, and hide it wear.

The garments of Eternal Day, and wing

Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,

Even in its source, to Thee, its Author, Thee.

O thought ineffab'e! O vision! blest!

(Though worth'ess our conceptions all of Thee.)

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,

And wait its homage to the Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;

Thus seek thy presence. Being wise and good!

Midst Thy wast works, admire, obey, adore;

And when the Tongue is eloquent no more,

The Soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Lawyers—It appears that the number

of persons who devote themselves to the

profession of law is increasing. The cat-

alogue of Harvard University, for the

present year, contains 120 persons in the

law school. This is said to be the largest

body ever gathered together in our coun-

try for the study of law. The competi-

tion in the profession will soon be so great

that we shall be able to get a great deal of

law for very little money, whether we

get justice or not.—[Lou. Jour.]

From the Nashville Union.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Beyond this for a mile or two, may be found curiosities wonderful and beautiful formations in such rich and rare profusion as to delight and astonish. Upon the roof and sides of the cave are formations of gypsum, of the most perfect and delicate patterns, outshining in appearance the fine sculpture, and resembling roses and flowers of various shapes. Besides these roseat formations, which are all of the most spotless white, there is a place called the Snowball Chamber, the ceiling of which is studded with formations exactly resembling snow balls. When illuminated with one of the 'Bengal lights,' this room presents a magnificent spectacle.

One might spend several days in this part of the cave without being weary of examining the wonders and the beauties which are above, around, and in the very pathway.

Farther on the 'Rocky Mountains,' a vast collection of broken rocks, of a quarter of a mile perhaps in extent, rising rugged and steep like an Alpine barrier, to which they are scarcely kept record—these stones (not being generally very large) and the immense pile, make these mountains a matter of no little curiosity. After reaching the top you are within a stone's throw of Serena's Arbor, situated in Dismal Hollow, at the extreme end of the cave, and eleven miles from the entrance. The curiosities in the Arbor are the stalagnates, which are formations of the same character as the stalactites, but instead of being pendent from what is called the main cave which may be explored to an extent nearly as far, but in which there is not much to attract.

These eleven miles may be travelled, going and coming, making twenty two miles with as little fatigue as one fifth the distance outside the cave.

A whole week might be spent in exploring this vast cavern, and still many wonders be passed unseen; but little therefore in the way of description could be expected in the limits of a newspaper article. It must be seen to be understood and appreciated.

In the formation of the cave, it is very evident that water was an all powerful agent. In many places, the rocks have been worn by water, grooved out and rounded to such an extent as to lead one to suppose that long ages had been occupied in the great work.

The cave is the property of Dr. Croghan, a brother of the hero of Fort St. Stephens, and of the late Sir Gardner Wilkinson, whose interesting work on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians has elucidated that subject in the most perfect manner, showing to the world that, along the banks of the Nile, centuries before any European nation had its birth, nearly all the arts of which we have any knowledge were known.

This work has most satisfactorily settled the question as to the identity of the principal Indian tribes north of Mexico and east of the Rocky Mountains, and forms a substantial basis on which future philologists may extend their investigations. The History of the Red Race, by Mr. Bradford, is another work which displays much original research, and throws additional light on the history of our aboriginal nations. A vast deal is yet to be accomplished in this field, and it is to be hoped that an effort will be made to rescue from oblivion the muniments that yet remain in various parts of our country, of the existence of a great race of people, who are fast perishing. Every year these relics become less—the mounds and earth-works of the west are levelled as the settlements are extended, and a few years will suffice to destroy those interesting memorials of a great and powerful nation.

Few, perhaps, are aware that M. Castelnau, a French gentleman, has been travelling for the last five years through North America, on a scientific exploration, from which he returned to Paris during the past year. He made extensive collections in Natural History, which were presented to the Garden of Plants. To the Paris Academy of Natural Sciences, he made a communication on some geological revolutions within the limits of our own territories. M. Castelnau supposes that, the vast prairies of our western region are formed of a deep alluvial soil, covering an old calcareous soil, they were once covered with water. That, at some remote period, there was some obstruction in the course of the Mississippi, which produced a stagnation of it, waters, and which raised them to an elevation of 40 metres, (130 feet); for, wherever the rocks present an abrupt front toward the river, they offer a series of parallel lines, inclining slightly toward the north. Lake Superior, he thinks, formerly discharged itself into Lake Michigan, which had its termination in an immense basin, to which he gives the name of Lake Silurian, and which probably discharged the excess of its contents into the Gulf of Mexico; but a revolution of nature checked the passage of the waters to the extremity of Lake Michigan and produced at Lake Silurian the rising ground known as the Illinois, which must have been of greater extent than it is now; and is not impossible that, with progressive depression, the waters will, at some distant period, resume their former course.

M. Castelnau's travels, and the result of his inquiries, are now in the course of publication; and as soon as they are published, the author will embark for South America, for the purpose of exploring the unknown regions in which the numerous branches of the Amazon have their respective sources. He will proceed from Rio Janeiro across the continent to Lima, and return to the Amazon. This is the expedition alluded to in the newspapers, which was planned by the late Duke of Orleans, and which is now to be carried into effect, by order of the French government, under the especial patronage of the Duke de Nemours.

We have prepared a hasty sketch of what has lately been accomplished in various parts of the world for the promotion of Ethnology; but in this we can only speak of results, as time and the broad space before us will not permit of giving details. Among the European nations, England, France, Prussia, and Russia have scientific expeditions in distant parts of the world, engaged in the investigation of subjects directly connected with Ethnology; and our own exploring expedition has been as much occupied in inquiries relating to the people inhabiting the islands of the South Seas, as in those relating to Natural Science or Geography. Details of this expedition

Agricultural.**SILK CULTURE.**

To our last, we promised to give, in this number, some information relative to the silk culture. And we cannot perhaps, better fulfil that promise than by copying from the proceedings of a meeting of silk growers, held in Rochester, N. Y., during the recent State Fair in that city. The primary object of the meeting was, "to collect and impart information on the culture and manufacture of Silk."

We extract from the proceedings, (as published in the "New Genesee Farmer,") such portions as we think will most interest our readers:

Much interesting information was elicited. Several of the persons present had been engaged six, seven, and eight years in the business, with varied success. The amount of cocoons raised this year by those present, as near as could be ascertained, was 2,150 pounds.

The experience and opinions given were very discrepant as to the value of the Multiculis for feeding; some considering it as absolutely good for nothing, some as profitable only in the first ages of the worm, and others believing it little inferior to any other tree, provided it be properly cultivated and fed. But all were unanimous as to the superiority of the White Mulberry, and that, when it could be had, it should always be used after the last mulberry.

But the subject that most engrossed and interested the meeting, was the causes of disease, especially in the last age of the worm. So varied and complex, however, were the circumstances under which diseases and consequent failure had occurred in the experience of different individuals, that no very satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at, as to the true cause or causes of disease. One gentleman was very confident that he could always arrest disease by clearing off the litter and sick worms. Another was equally confident, that even then, too high a temperature, when the worm was large and about to wind, would as certainly produce sickness, as uncleanness. The prevalent opinion seemed to be, that filth, too many worms in a given space, want of ventilation, and too high a temperature, one or all combined, were the usual causes of disease. Of course the appropriate remedies were obvious. The discussion of these topics being continued to a late hour, the meeting adjourned to 1 o'clock, P. M., on the 21st, to one of the tents on the ground occupied by the State Fair.

Sept. 21. Met pursuant to adjournment, when it was

Resolved, That, from the experience of the members of this meeting, we have every inducement to proceed in the prosecution of the culture of silk.

SILK.—Silk is spun by the larvae or caterpillars belonging to different species of *Phalaena*. It forms the ball, or cocoon, in which the silk-worm envelopes itself in passing to the chrysalis state. The fibre, which constitutes this ball, is so small, that a single thread, when unwound, is often twelve hundred yards in length. The original threads are too fine for manufacturing purposes, and therefore, in winding or reeling them off from the cocoons, the ends or threads of several cocoons are joined together, and reeled out of warm water, which softens their natural gummy covering, and causes them to cohere into a single thread. Silk, as it is spun by the animal, is of a color varying from white to reddish yellow. Its texture is very strong and elastic. It communicates to water a mucilaginous character, owing to the solution of its gummy part, but the silk itself is insoluble in water or alcohol.—[The Useful Arts.]

Cranberries.—This pleasant fruit is now received in large quantities from the West. The crops at the East are said to have been cut off in a great measure by frost, and the market is now supplied by the westward; and no doubt Michigan cranberries will be eaten in the very head quarters of cranberries, Barnstable, Mass. We had no idea, until to day, of the quantity sold in this city. One house in Front street, sold within a few days, 250 barrels, received from Michigan, at \$6 and \$6 50 per bbl., and have had application for more than they can supply. Of the same lot, 3000 bbls. went over the western railroad to Boston, and were there sold as soon as received.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

[From the Michigan Farmer.]

FARMERS' ERRORS AND DELUSIONS.

[Under this caption a correspondent of the New Genesee Farmer gives the subjoined essay. Though designed for Western New York we think its contents are equally appropriate to, and for, this meridian.—Editor.]

Mr. Batcham.—You ask in the June Farmer, "What can be done for the benefit of Agriculture in Western New York?" I reply, that the stern necessity of the times has at length taught farmers a lesson, which they have long and tenaciously resisted—to wit, that they can no longer look to legislative action to bring back those high prices which enabled them to riot in idle waste during the palmy days of the paper bubble.

Every farmer, who makes use of his common sense, now relies on himself, and Providence, for all the positive benefits he is to receive. But there is still one obstacle in the way of the prosperity of farmers as a class—

They cannot teach, and will not learn.

Ask a farmer if he takes an agricultural paper—nine times out of ten he will say, "No! I hate book farming." If per-

haps you ask the tenth man if he has read a certain article in his last paper, he will reply in the negative, saying, "I did not get my paper from the office until last week." Now what would a poor New York carman who reads his paper daily, say if he should be told that it took a farmer—a sovereign of Western New York—two weeks to read his little monthly sheet? But ask this same farmer if he has planted his potatoes, and he will say, "No, I am waiting for the new of the moon." "Here," says I to myself, "is the legitimate fruit of that stolid ignorance which eschews common sense to seize upon the marvellous!" Ask this man, in the fall, if he has potatoes to sell; he will tell you that the season was too dry for his crop to yield well. The crust on his skull is impenetrable—he still hugs the marvellous. Had he planted earlier, and let the moon alone, he would have had the benefit of the early summer rains, and a good crop: here is labor and capital not merely transferred—but sacrificed to Juggernaut.

The Mechanic.—The following beautiful article is from "The Carpenter of Rouen," a popular play:

The Mechanic, sir, is one of God's noblemen. What have mechanics not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highway on which they ride as on a tame steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not the mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to their wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty winds. To the wise they are floodgates of knowledge, and the kings and queens are decorated with their handiworks. He who made the Universe was the first Mechanic.

GREAT MILKER.—A Durham cow, owned by Cyrus P. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y., gave from 32 to 34 quarts of milk daily, for twenty days, commencing seven days after calving. This was in September. For three months in succession, she gave not less than 32 quarts per day. For ten months she gave an average of 27 quarts per day. Besides hay and grass in their season, she was fed on ground corn and oats, meal, ship-stuff and carrots, sugar beets and potatoes; changing the feed once a week, as it was found that on any one course of feed more than a week, the quantity of milk diminished, and by a change it increased.

How many farmers might save themselves both hard work and capital by fallowing, by raising the same quantity of corn on two acres that they generally receive from six acres? 'Tis true, that in the fall the days are short, and farmers have much to do; but what land will not pay, in its products alone, for good tillage. I find it is those farmers who never have anything to sell from their farms who complain most of the cost of help, and their inability to obtain it: 'tis after the crib and pork barrels are exhausted that help deserts the farm.

How many farmers go to the flour mills and buy wheat shorts for feed, that are so exhausted of the flour as hardly to blanch a black coat promising to pay a great price for the same after harvest! How much easier, and more respectable, could a farmer raise the same amount of feed on a few rods of his half tilled farm, planted with Indian corn! What can excuse such rural economy?

I know a farmer who last year put all his manure on five acres of corn ground. He got 50 bushels of corn to the acre, and stalks enough to winter his cattle. He can now take \$100 for the flax and flax seed on the same lot, when harvested. In the fall it will be sown with wheat and seeded with clover in the spring. This farmer says, that an old swart may sometimes do for corn, but that long manure never fails. He says, that green manure applied to a wheat fallow is very bad farming.

QUARTZ.

CORNSTALK MOLASSES.

We acknowledge the receipt of a bottle, of what we should have pronounced, had we not been informed to the contrary, first quality Sugar House Molasses, it having the appearance of that article. It was manufactured from corn-stalks, by James S. Pope, Esq., an enterprising farmer and planter of this District, who has spared neither time nor expense in bringing to perfection an experiment which has so often been tried, but we have never heard of its having been brought to so successful an issue, in this District. We wish him success in his future experiments. The following explanatory note accompanied the bottle of molasses:—[Edgefield Advertiser.]

Mr. F. W. Durisoz.—Dear Sir: I take the liberty of requesting you to publish for the information of the public, an experiment which I have lately made in extracting syrup from the corn-stalk. I allotted about seventy hills square for my experiment, from which I made about twenty-five gallons of syrup. I present you with a specimen, which will enable you to judge of its quality. I deferred too long in stripping the shoot from the stalk. I think that if the shoot had been stripped in time, the yield would have been increased. I am inclined to think that an acre, if in a high state of improvement, and well cultivated, can be made to yield, at least, seventy-five gallons. The corn should be drilled, and the drills about three feet apart. Planting in this manner, will prevent the corn from shooting, (so it is said,) and will enable

the stalk to retain the juice. It is evident that the shoot should not be permitted to remain on the stalk until the grain begins to form.

Yours &c.

JAMES S. POPE.

To DRY COWS INTENDED FOR FATTENING.—Take an ounce of powdered alum, boil it in two quarts of milk till it turns to whey; then boil in this whey a large handful of sage, till it is reduced to one quart; rub the udder with a little of it, and give her the rest to drink. First milk her clean, and afterwards draw a little milk every second day, least the udder become overcharged. Repeat the dose and operation if necessary.—Monk's Ag. Dictionary.

The MECHANIC.—The following beautiful article is from "The Carpenter of Rouen," a popular play:

The Mechanic, sir, is one of God's noblemen. What have mechanics not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highway on which they ride as on a tame steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not the mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to their wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty winds. To the wise they are floodgates of knowledge, and the kings and queens are decorated with their handiworks. He who made the Universe was the first Mechanic.

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Yours truly,

ROBERT HAMILTON.

Nauvoo, Nov. 22, 1843.

THE NEIGHBOR.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 1843.

WOOD! WOOD!!

WE would respectfully notify those who have promised us wood, that we are in want of it; and if they are as willing to fulfil as they were to make promises, we shall be supplied with an abundance of this indispensable article soon.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the Times and Seasons, or Neighbor, can now have the opportunity of doing so by leaving their names at our office, and forwarding the amount in wood.

Also, Pork, Flour, Corn meal, Potatoes and most kinds of grain, taken on subscription.

TAYLOR & WOODRUFF.

We see that a number of our citizens are forming a Lyceum in our city, to continue during the fall and winter months. This, if properly conducted, which, from what we learn, we believe will be the case, will prove advantageous to many of our young gentlemen who wish to improve in public speaking. At all events, we wish those engaged in much success, and while they occasionally travel over the smooth and animating fields of oratory, if they here and there encounter impediments in the complicated theories of rhetoric, let them remember that the celebrated Demosthenes, while practicing alone upon the beach by the thundering ocean,

Encountered impediments too.

Slaves.—The King of Seeden has ordered to be laid before the next Assembly of the Estates a plan for the emancipation of the slaves in the Island of St. Bartholomew. The number of slaves in the Island is 595, and it is estimated that about \$100,000 will indemnify their owners if they are freed.

The Art of Printing.—The invention of printing is indeed the noblest acquisition of science; it is the impregnable fortress of civilization, no political changes, no physical vicissitudes, no mutation short of complete extinction of mankind, can henceforth restore the empire of the world to ignorance.

The newspapers are all scratching away at Puseyism. We believe it is a *claw* in the Episcopal Church cat-chism that has offered them such a *cat-alogue* of a-new-ment. It is obvious to the most pusey-luminous, that if the Bishops do not pass in the course they have been purring, they will bring upon the Church a *cat-nastrophe* that will overwhelm it like a *cat-aract*.—[Hagerstown (Md.) News.]

[For the Neighbor.]

Mr. EDITOR:—

Sir: Permit me through the medium of your valuable paper to drop a few remarks regarding the cord wainers of this place. All people are commanded to come here by special revelation from the most high God, and thousands have come here expecting to find an inheritance amongst the righteous. I am aware that those who come here have trials and difficulties of a complicated nature to endure; but when these things come from want of policy it makes them more hard to endure, so it is with the cord wainers of

this place; they come to Nauvoo in the first place, to obey the requirements of the Great Jehovah; the next duty is to find out a location; this being done, they begin to think about employment. Here comes the dilemma. Alas! employment is not to be had, and what is the reason? The reason is this, because the merchants and moneyed men of this place bring in the Eastern Boots and Shoes which can be sold at a cheaper rate than they can be manufactured here. How then are we to get along? becomes a question that this community ought to think about in order that we may have a share of the necessities and comforts of life. If the moneyed men of this city, who are so zealous in spending their money and their time going to the East and bringing on these cheap Boots and Shoes, if they would stay at home and manifest the same zeal, take the same interest, in establishing home manufacture, not only in leather but in many other things, more good would be done, the community be cheaper and better served; yes, and more than this; the money would be kept amongst ourselves, and the employed shoemakers would have plenty to do, if these things were attended to in a proper manner and as they ought to be—it would produce peace, joy and comfort in many a domestic circle, and dispel the dark forebodings of a dreary winter. Let any thinking mind consider and reflect upon this body of tradesmen, those especially who have wives and families! Here they are deprived in a great measure of the means of obtaining a livelihood for the support of their wives and families. Left, as it were, in the midst of abundance, to drag out a miserable existence!—ought such things to be in the city of our God? Some may say we are well off. All I would say to such individuals is, that I wish they had a trial of our circumstances and they would perhaps think otherwise, and now I would say in conclusion, let these Eastern Boots and Shoes be banished from our city and let us manufacture our own leather, and let us have it at the Eastern prices and then we can supply the citizens of this place with their own material and then would trouble and expenses cease.

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ROBERT HAMILTON.

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Encountered impediments too.

Changing one's mind.—"Maint I see you home from meeting, Eunice?" said a Yankee to a girl whom he kinder, softer had a feeling for. "No you shan't do no such thing. I'm otherwise engaged." "Well, guess you've missed it once—I've got my pockets chuck full of gingerbread and ammons." "You may take my arm, Ruben." —*Pitayune.*

A Home Thrust.—The Rev. Rowland Hill was celebrated for his talents, his boldness, his piety, and his conscientiousness. He would never suppress his feelings or modify his language, through fear of giving offence, and was never known to omit an opportunity of illustrating a sentiment, or administering a deserved reproof, however embarrassing it might prove to individuals who might happen to be present. It is related of this good, but eccentric preacher, that on one occasion when speaking of the sin attendant upon dress, and conformity to all the fashionable fooleries of the day, he observed:

I am well aware that many of you are ready to say—Mr. Hill look at home, look at your own wife. It is all true, look at her. *Look there she is;* and then applying himself to her, in the presence of the congregation he said with astonishing effect. You know, Mrs. Hill, I have often pointed out to you the sin and folly of pursuing extravagance when you could relieve so many of your fellow creatures, in place of wasting your money in this way.

It is said a man down east has invented

a machine to renovate old bachelors.

It is said that out of a good sized, fat

greasy old bachelor he can make quite

a nice young man, and have enough

left to make two small puppies, a pair of leather breeches, and a small kettle of soft soap?

Arrest of Counterfeits.—The Louisville Dine of the 2d inst says: Officers Ronald and Gilmore, succeeded yesterday in arresting an old and notorious band of counterfeiters, under the following circumstances:

A few days since the gang passed down

the river, stopping a short time at Jeffersonville. Our Officers followed in pursuit and overtook them five miles this side of Hawesville, where they arrested them and brought them back to the city.

Their names, as near as we can learn them, are Garrison and his wife, a man by the name of Towsey, and a person called Rand. In their possession was found, about \$8000 in counterfeit on various Banks. Garrison's wife said the money belonged to her. It was tied up with a quantity of lead, intending to sink it if surprised, but our indefatigable Officers were too quick for them. Towsey is an old scoundrel as is his comrade Garrison. Towsey was a witness for the notorious Kohoe who forfeited his bail at the last term of the Circuit Court. We understand that he came very near escaping this time. Their examination took place this morning. Officers Ronald and Gilmore deserve much credit for their efficiency on this occasion.

A few days since the gang passed down

the river, stopping a short time at Jeffersonville. Our Officers followed in pursuit and overtook them five miles this side of Hawesville, where they arrested them and brought them back to the city.

THE N E W S P A P E R.

There in our own green bowers,
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Treading slow;
Oft head in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We've watched in its crimson shining,
The sunset glow,
Dimly the sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art alone;
Summer's gone!

Still on my wan cheek playeth
The restless brook;
Still in its freshness gusheth—
Between the trees;
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the proud river rusheth—
The heart's disease;
But who shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall thy greetings—
Loved in vain!
Summer's gone!

NOVEMBER.

BY MRS. CATHERINE ALLEN.
The autumn skies are blue above;
The autumn hills are brown,
On every kingly forest tree
There shines a golden crown.
And flashing through the valley's haze
The sunlit waters go,
And in the wood the wind is heard,
Like p'active song of woes!

The ocean shores are bare and bleak,
White skud is in the skies,
Thro' ev'n'g's twilight overead
The rushing wild duck flies.
From out the chestnut woods you hear
The hunter's laugh and call;
And sunbeams play in purple round
The hay waterfall.

The flowers have vanished from the wood
And by the running streams—
We think of them as schoolmates dead
Off friends we know in dreams.
The dry stalks crackle as we walk—
Keen, frosty gusts are heard—
Oh! with what melancholy strange
The thoughtful heart is stirr'd.

From the New York Tribune.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, AT ROME.
DURING HOLY WEEK.

There were too impressive things amid these pompous ceremonies. One was the chanting of the Misericordia in the Sistine Chapel. Thirteen candles in the form of a triangle, are lighted up when the chanting of the lamentations commences. One after another is extinguished as it proceeds, until the last one at the top of the triangle, which represents the Saviour, is put out.—The others, representing the prophets and good men that preceded our Saviour, one by one go out in the night of the grave, and the lamentation grows wider and deeper. But as the Prophet of the Prophets, the Light, the Hope of the World, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and the great seemed struck dumb at this last, this greatest wo. Stunned and stupefied, he could only contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this time. The chapel was packed in every inch of it—evon out of the doors, far back into the open hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the frequent half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say—"Christ is gone! We are all orphans—all orphans!" The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony when suddenly a low wail, so doleful and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, slowly stole out from the distant enclosure and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away; as if the grief were too great for the strain.—Fainter and fainter, like the tone of a lute, it sunk away, as if its last strain was over, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of a song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart, in its last agonizing throe. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes, they paused again and that sweet, melancholy voice mourned alone, its tones still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sound could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh, how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through that same chapel on the morning that symbolized his Resurrection!

The other imposing ceremony was the benediction pronounced over the people. Probably not far from 50,000 persons were assembled in front of St. Peter's on the Easter Sunday. The military were drawn up in the form of a square in front while the immense multitude stood around them and on the steps of the Church. As I stood on the top of the colonnade and looked down on this sea of heads upturned to the balcony where the Pope stood with outstretched hands and beheld the glittering ranks of soldiers on their knees beneath the blue sky, I thought I never beheld a more imposing spectacle. In a moment it was over—the ranks arose like one man—the drums beat their rattle—the cannon from the summit of Adrian's tomb thundered out their joy—horses galloped over the square—ranks wheeled into order and the sea of men slowly rolled away from St. Peters. Holy week closes with the grand illumination of St. Peters and the Girando or fire-works on the castle of St. Angelo. It is impossible to describe the illumination. There are two—the first commencing at 8 and continuing till 9 o'clock, is called the silver one. It is caused by 4400 lanterns hung outside of the Church from the top of the dome to the base of the building, and so arranged as to reveal its entire architecture.—Every column, cornice, frieze and window—all the details of the building and the entire structure are revealed in a soft, clear light, producing an effect indescribably pleasing yet utterly bewildering. It seemed in a blaster building lit from within. The long lines of light made by the columns with the shadows between; the beautiful cornice glittering over the darkness under it; the magnificent semicircular colonades all inherent with light and the immense some rising like a mountain of silver in the deep darkness around, so completely deluded the senses that one could think of nothing but a fairy fabric suddenly hung and lighted in mid heavens. This effect, however, is given only when one stands at a distance, as he always should. When the great bell strikes 9, 1475 lamps are suddenly lighted by the side of the lanterns and old St. Peters blazes like a mountain of torches over the city.

The editor of the N. Y. Mercury says he does not believe mosquitoes are contagious, because he can't catch 'em.

THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

That eminent German hierologist, Dr. Lepsius, at this time employed in Egypt by the Government of Prussia, and who dates his letter at Gizeh, at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops, says:

* Mr. Giddon's printed lectures, referred to on page 8.

† 1 Kings, iv. 30.

‡ Lettres écrivées d'Egypte et de Jubie en 1828 et 1829, par Champollion Le Jeune, page 98. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

From the Westmoreland Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM REV. DURBIN.

SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI, February 5, 1843.

My Dear Bishop Wangh:—How shall I put on paper what I feel this moment, as I set apart from my companions on the very summit of Mount Sinai, with the expanded plains before me in which Israel encamped at the giving of the law? It is impossible to doubt; I feel the truth, and by faith I see the lightnings, hear the thunders, and the trumpet waxing louder and louder, and feel this vast world of dark desolation within which Horeb is enclosed as a sanctuary, quake under the tread of the Almighty.

If I had been an infidel, and had come hither as I have, from Cairo, (near the ancient Memphis) by the Wady el Teb, or "Valley of the Wanderings," which connects with the Red Sea, about fifteen miles south of Suez, through Wady Tamarik, by one of the most fearful and peculiar mountain-passes to be found on earth; and had I there seen the physical truth of the scriptures, where the people were "entangled in the land" and "the wilderness" of the Red Sea "had shut them in," the only place between the Nile and the sea of which the scripture history can be affirmed; then if I stood on the opposite shore, and looked down upon the water in which Pharaoh's host had "sunk as lead," and there read the triumphant song of Moses, (Exodus, chap. xv.) I should have felt that no where else, nor under any other circumstances, could that incomparable composition have been produced; then, if I had followed those three days in the wilderness of Shur, to the present fountain of Hamarah, (the scripture Marah,) and the next day to the Wadys Carumel and Umrit, where yet are water and many lives amidst the surrounding desolation. I should have said, here is "Eliim," with its "twelve wells" of water, and three score and ten palm trees, (Exod. ch. xv.) and from thence following their track through Wady Feiran, I had suddenly issued through the Pass Nukh Hawy out into the Plain of Rehob, which now lies before me at the base of the perpendicular walls of Horob, rising like a terrible battlement twelve or fifteen hundred feet high, with the valley of Wady Sheik to the right, and the wide mouth of Wady Loja to the left, all in full view of the gloomy, stern, desolate, "thunder-splittered pinnacles," where I now sit; I would have bowed to the holy history of Moses, simply upon the grounds of its geographical accuracy, which no writer, ancient or modern, has equalled, though he wrote three thousand five hundred years ago, and in the midst of an encampment of two million people, who depended upon him for guidance and salvation. Yet this accuracy is not the result of revision through successive ages, for no Jew has ever made a pilgrimage to Horeb, (which is itself a miracle,) except the prophet Elijah who fled from Jezebel, and whose pretended resting place in a rock was shown to us the other day.

He returns his thanks to the public generally for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and hopes, in consequence of his reduced prices to merit a still greater share of the patronage of those who wish to encourage home manufacture, and labour rather than compel many of their mechanics to leave this city and their families and seek employment elsewhere in consequence of the Eastern work brought here by our merchants whose only object and aim seems to be to enrich themselves regardless of the sufferings of their own citizens, instead of bringing leather and having it manufactured at home.

His work will be made out of the best materials and workmanship not excelled by any in the city, at the following prices:

I wish I could sit here in this deep solitude for an hour longer; but my companions and one guide are gone, and the other, a young active Arab, is crouched at my feet in astonishment at my writing and apparent earnestness; and seems to say as he casts a glance at the setting sun, "the way is long and dangerous." So I must say, *Fare the well, Sinai!* I have stood upon the Alpe, in the middle of July, and looked around upon the snowy empire—I have stood upon the Appenines, and looked upon the plains of beautiful eventful Italy—I have stood upon the Albanian mount and beheld the scene of the Eneid from the Cirenean promontory, over the Campagna, to the eternal city and the mountains of Trivoli—I have sat down upon the pyramids of Egypt, and cast my eyes over the sacred city of Heliopolis, and the land of Goshen, the fields of Jewish bondage, and the ancient Memphis, where Moses and Aaron, on

the part of God and his people, contended with Pharaoh and his servants, the death of whose

first born of man and beast in one night filled the land with wailing; but I have never set my feet on any spot from whence was visible so much stern, gloomy grandeur, heightened by the silence and solitude that reign around; and infinitely more heightened by the awful and sacred associations of the first great revelation in form from God to man. I feel oppressed with the spirit that breathes around me, and seems to inhabit this holy place. I shall never set down upon the summit of Sinai again, and look upon the silent and empty plains its feet; but I shall go down a better man, and aim so to live as to escape the terrible thunders at the last day which once reverberated through these mountains, but have long since given way to the gospel of peace. I can scarcely tear myself away from this hallowed summit, and I wish I too could linger here forty days in converse with the Lord.

IRON AND STEEL.

THE subscriber has on hand a large assortment of Iron, Steel, Raspas and Nails of various descriptions. Also a large assortment of Hollowware, consisting of Oats, Kettles, Pans, Ovens &c. &c. all of which articles he is prepared to sell low for cash; wholesale and retail.

He also has on hand a constant supply of edge tools of various descriptions, which he makes at his manufactory, and which he is prepared to furnish to order at his store, near the corner of Partridge and Knight St.

EDWARD HUNTER.
Nauvoo, Nov. 22, 1843. no31-3m.

RUN AWAY—ONE CENT REWARD.

AS my wife Lydia has left my bed and board, without cause or provocation, as she has taken quantity of household furniture, clothing and money, I hereby offer one cent reward for her apprehension and delivery of the articles, and forbid all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account after this date.

WM. NESBITT.

Nov. 14, 1843.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The new brick House and Store recently occupied by Dr J. H. Haven, on Mulholland Street. The premises will be rented separately, or in connection, as desired.

Enquire of P. A. GOODWIN,
Near the Temple.
Nov 29, 1843-31-4w

NOTICE.

A LECTURE will be delivered on Monday evening at 6 o'clock, Dec. 4th, in the large room above Gen. Smith's Store, upon the principles of Phonography, or writing by sound.

Admission, free.

G. D. WATT.
Nov 29, 1843-31-1w

SEE HERE!

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY!!

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Nauvoo and vicinity that he intends to manufacture Boots and Shoes much cheaper than has been done heretofore in this city. He would also inform the farmers that he will take hides and produce in part pay.

He returns his thanks to the public generally for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and hopes, in consequence of his reduced prices to merit a still greater share of the patronage of those who wish to encourage home manufacture, and labour rather than compel many of their mechanics to leave this city and their families and seek employment elsewhere in consequence of the Eastern work brought here by our merchants whose only object and aim seems to be to enrich themselves regardless of the sufferings of their own citizens, instead of bringing leather and having it manufactured at home.

His work will be made out of the best materials and workmanship not excelled by any in the city, at the following prices:

MEN'S WORK.

Fine Boots, from \$5 to 5.50
Kip do 4.00
Coarse do 3.00
Mock do from 2.25 to 2.50

Fine shoes, 2.00
Men's pumps, from 1.75 to 2.00

Slippers, from 1.00 to 1.50

Coarse shoes, 1.75

WOMEN'S WORK.

Garter Boots, 2.25

Bootees, 1.75

Jeffersons, 1.50

Slippers, 1.25

Pumps Spring, 1.25

Turn corners, 1.25

MISSSES.

Bootees, 1.37

Pumps Spring, 87

Shoes with welts, 1.00

CHILDREN'S.

Well shoes, from 62 to 75c.

Pump Spring, from 50 to 62c

Turn corners, from 45 to 50c

G. C. RISER,
One door from Farley in Main St.

CASH! CASH!
CASH Paid for Wheat and Shelled Corn at the Water Mill in Nauvoo.
Nov 22, 1843-30-2t

DEATHS—For the week ending Mon

day the 27th inst.

Orson Washington Hyde, 14d.

Benjamin Chapman, 3m 12d; hives.

Perry Durphy, 26y; chill fever.

David Garlick, 63y 1m 14d; dropsy.

Daniel Spencer, 78y; intimation of the lungs.

Total 5.

W. D. HUNTINGTON, Sexton.

From the St. Louis Price Current.

SAINT LOUIS WEEKLY PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

from to

SAKES—per lb.

Pot, 7 8

Barrel, 11 12

SAKES—per dozen.

Collins, 16 20 18 20

SAKES—per yard.

Bale Rope, Mo. per lb.

Beverage, per lb.

Castor Brand—per bushel.

Candles—per lb.

Sperm,

Tallow—Mould,

Dipped,

OILS.

Lined, per gallon,

Sperm, winter,

Summer, 75 0.00

LARD.

Fish, per bbl.

Castor, per gallon,

PAINTS.

White Lead,

Red —

Chrome Yellow,

Green,

Spanish Brown,

THE N E W H E R O.

Agricultural.

Effects of soap-suds on Cabbage.—I believe it will be a thankless piece of service for one gardener to teach another how to grow cabbage and cauliflowers, yet as these crops of vegetables have failed this season in various parts of the country, the following notice may perhaps be of use to our cottage readers:

Whatever soap-suds have been used plentifully, cabbage and cauliflowers have grown luxuriantly. I have made several inquiries of others who have used them, and in no instance have I heard of a failure where soap-suds have been applied. I intend to try them over broccoli, to see if they will prevent them from clubbing. Others may do so likewise, and make known the results. Whether the alkali in the water has prevented the enemy from destroying the roots, or given the roots more vigor to resist the attack, I do not know; but one thing is certain—where such matter has been applied, it has produced the most beneficial results. I think cottagers may take a lesson from this, and save that which would nourish their herringbone crop, for it is a pity to see a pool of filthy water polluting the neighborhood with its stench; while, within a few yards of it, the vegetables of a garden are dying of starvation.—[Gardener's Chronicle.]

Gapes in Chickens.—The following is an extract of a letter received from a friend in Carolina:

In writing to you, it will probably not be amiss to communicate a fact which will be of some interest to the lovers of fried chickens. Some of my neighbors have entirely prevented, and others have speedily cured that destructive malady, the gapes in their chickens, by mixing a small quantity of tartar in their food. From five to ten drops added to a pint of meal to be made into dough, are the proportions used. I have no doubt of the universal and certain success of the remedy, relying, as I do, upon the character of those who have communicated it to me.

Yours truly,

BENJ. ANDERSON.

Substitute for Cream.—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea or water over it gradually, to prevent it curdling. In flavor and richness this preparation resembles cream.

Preserving Eggs.—There is a patent in England for preserving eggs; the composition used is as follows, and by adopting the method it is said, eggs have been kept two years:

One bushel of quick lime, thirty two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tartar. Mix the whole together, with as much water as will reduce the composition to such a consistency that an egg, when put into it, will swim.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

This question which caused us to war with that grasping tyrant among monarchs; the English sovereign; and upon which we came off conquerors, has again been brought up under the silver veil of philanthropy and religion by the same arbitrary power whose fleets and armies have robbed, or attempted to rob almost every kingdom, nation, tribe and people under heaven.

Mahomet, when he would become the conqueror of a world, went forth in the name of God, and deluded the millions of the east with a picture of the believer's heaven, where sensuality held high court—on thrones of pearl, amid towers of jessamine, and where the crown of love outshone the crown of truth, and yet Mahomet believed not his own creed, and made day by day a new chapter of the Koran, to sanctify his successive crimes.

The English Government would conquer the world, and they would do it, too, in the name of humanity, civilization, and religion. Mahomet had some justification in his ignorance of the true God, and of the weak and lowly Messiah; but, as for England, in the nineteenth century, with the blushes of the millennial morning, kissing the peaks of her hills, there is no apology that can be offered which will stand the test of reason.

Ambition urges the British lion forward, and the want of blood and plunder sanctifies his brutal deeds.

Napoleon was conquered because he interfered with the trade of Great Britain and caused her commerce to decline from Riga to the Cape of Good Hope, from the pillars of Hercules to the Euxine.

Knowing the grasping power of the mistress of the seas, and knowing also the cloak which she wears to conceal her assassin dagger, is it not strange that the American people should require argument upon argument to prove that the right of search, as claimed by England, is nothing more than a demand upon the world to bow to her meteor flag, and acknowledge her Empress of the ocean wave?

Lord Aberdeen holds that the right of search is a little thing which all should acknowledge and perpetrate. That England will submit to it as well as the rest, and that humanity pleads its virtue in tones of angelic love. We point the noble Lord to a fable of Aesop, which illustrates this pretended equality among the marine nations.

The lion and the other animals once met together, probably in holy alliance, to partake of a feast; but when the eating commenced, there was but one plate well filled at the table, and that plate contained the lion's share.

Who, that has witnessed the insolence of British naval officers, when boarding American merchantmen abroad, where the stars and stripes are seldom seen floating from the ensign halliards of an Amer-

ican man-of-war, can think of the acknowledgment of such a right without a shudder, or of the folly of the American that advocates it without a curse.

We have seen the insolence of the agents of this kingly power; this royal apostle of religion and humanity; whose right hand holds the new testament, and whose left clasp the bloody code of Dracon. We have heard the islanders of the Archipelago groan when Saint George's cross floated in the offing, and the Admiral's signal cannon called the British Consul alongside.

Who that has read of the settlement of British India, where religion sowed her paras upon a field of blood, can think of British humanity with composure.

How sad the moral which is conveyed by the fact, that although France is battling the Moors upon the hills of Algiers, and England is carrying desolation along the shores of the Yellow Sea, and amid the Ghauts of Afghanistan; the journals of London and Paris pronounce that their respective countries are at peace with the world. No land then, whose people refuse to wear tights and round hats, and eat flesh with a spoon, is considered to be in the world by France and England. The laws of nations therefore are dead letters, from the Black Sea round to the Cordilleras. The inhabitants of the land of Shem; those good old children of the remnant who left the ark upon the Himalay's icy peak, when the flood went down with a lull, and the sun came up from a cloud of mist; are to be cut and carved, robbed and scourged at pleasure, by the very religious, humane and tender conscienced power of England. We have been long surprised at the Honorable John Quincy Adams' efforts to sustain the English Government in its attack upon the sons of Confucius and the Mexican Government in its war with Texas. We think however, we have found the secret spring that moved him to such a course. He has determined to join that church which, in earlier days gave the lands of the earth to the christian conquerors, and granted forgiveness to the children of blood.

Mr. Adams, like all other converts who turn at the eleventh hour, has been convinced, not by the power of the heart, but by the power of the head; and he feels bound not only to live up to the present creed, which no man, as it is exemplified in this country, can find fault with, but to go far beyond the Abbot of Unreason or the Monk of La Trappe. He would hold an argument with Saint Peter himself, and endeavor to prove that the keys which the Janus of Heaven has, would be safer in his philanthropic hands. Like the Pussies of Oxford and Cambridge, he has gone back to first principles, but instead of taking the old cat—the truth—by the tail, he has grasped a handful of blare-eyed kittens, who were sired by leopards and whelped by she wolves.

It is easy then, to conceive why the Massachusetts puritan, whose ancestors brought Charles the First to the scaffold for his religion, should now join in the jesuitical cry of Conquer China, and make way for the truth of God.

England is fast returning to the oldest religion, bearing the impress of Divinity, and like all backsliders, her children will have to do many things which savor of cruelty and iron-handed strength to convince the true believers that their repentance is real. But to such a course we enter our solemn protest. The day for spreading religion by the sword has passed. The scourge of God rests in the mountain torrent's bed. The conquerors of the east have gone out one by one like lamps in a city suddenly deserted, and with the single exception of the United States, there is no spot where liberty can exist with religion, and the purse and the sword remain in the same hand for ages without abuse or dread.

Let us then bid the tyrant power beware how she claims dominion over the infidel world, or searchest in the name of a mock philanthropy the ships of our republic, who like the camels of Ishmael, claim the right to navigate unquestioned the pathless desert of the deep, and who alone can carry liberal principles to a distant and benighted world.

Some impudent fellow—we don't know who—thus discourses about the girls:

The Girls.—They think of Hyacinth, and they can't help sighing. When their Lover forsakes them, they can't help crying. They sit at the window, and can't help spying. To get each a beau, they can't help trying. At the mirror, they can't help twisting and turning and lacing and tying. They screw up their corslets, bring on the consumption, and can't help dying.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

M. ROBERT WELLS, respectfully informs the citizens of Nauvoo and vicinity, that he has commenced the above business at the corner of Main and Parley streets, and hopes by strict attention thereto, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage.

Cutting done on the shortest notice and in the neatest manner.

N B All orders promptly attended to.

Oct 18-n25-3n*

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC GILDING

E and PLATING in all its varieties at the New Brick Watch Shop, near the Temple, by Gustavus Hills.

WANTED—Old Gold and Silver in exchange for work.

C. A. WARREN & HIGBEE. Attorneys and Counselors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery.

Office situated on the corner of Knight and Wells Streets, a few rods north of the Temple.

Nauvoo, May 24d, 1843. n22-tf.

State of Illinois.
Hancock county.
In the Circuit Court, of said county, To the May Term, A. D. 1844.

Stephen Owen, Complainant.

vs

David Marston, Administrator of

the Estate of M. Marston dec'd

Defendants.

and others.

In Chancery—Bill of Indictment.

It appearing by affidavit regularly sworn to and filed in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court for Hancock County that the said David Marston, Administrator as aforesaid, one of the defendants herein is not a resident of this State. Notice is therefore hereby given to the said David Marston, Administrator as aforesaid, that a bill in Chancery has been filed in the clerk's office of the said Circuit Court of Hancock County, against you the said David Marston, Administrator &c. and others, that a summons has issued thereon; that unless you shall be and appear before the Judge of the said Circuit Court for Hancock County, on the first day of the next Term thereof to be held in the town of Carthage on the third Monday in the month of May next and answer to the said complainant's bill, the allegations thereof will be taken for confessed against you, and a decree entered accordingly.

J. B. BACKENSTOS, Clerk.

By D. E. HEAD, Deputy.

BACHMAN & SKINNER, Sol. for Compl.

October, 30. 1843. n27-4w.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

BY virtue of a decree made at the October Term 1843, of the Circuit Court, in and for the county of Hancock and State of Illinois,—the undersigned will expose to public sale at the house of Eleazar P. Bradley, deceased, near Golden's Point in said county, on Saturday the 16th day of December next, the following described real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, to wit:—The North half of the S. E. qr. sec. 28, Town 6 North, range 8 West, and the N. E. qr. of the N. E. qr. sec. 32, Town 6 North, 8 West, situate in said county.

TERMS OR SALE.—Six months credit.

Notes with approved security, and mortgagors on the premises will be required.

URIS BRADLEY, Adm'r.

WILLIAM GOLDEN, Adm'r.

Carthage, Ill., Oct. 27, 1843. n27-6t.

State of Illinois.
Hancock county.

In the Hancock Circuit Court, Ill., to the May Term, A. D. 1844.

David Thompson, Complainant,

vs

Alexander Bushnell, Defendant.

In Chancery—Bill to foreclose Mortgage.

The complainant's solicitor herein having filed affidavit that the defendant, Alexander Bushnell is not an inhabitant of the State of Illinois; Notice is hereby given to the said Alexander Bushnell, that a suit in Chancery has been commenced in the Circuit Court in and for said county of Hancock, and against the said defendant, that a subpoena has been issued therein and that unless the said defendant, Alexander Bushnell, appear on the first day of the next Term thereof, to be helden at the Court-house in Carthage on the third Monday of May A. D. 1844, and plead answer or demur to said bill, the same will be taken as confessed against him and the matters thereof decided accordingly.

J. B. BACKENSTOS, Clerk.

By D. E. HEAD, Deputy.

BACHMAN & SKINNER, Sol. for Compl.

October 30th A. D. 1843. n27-4w.

NOTICE.

JUST received from Boston a large lot of sole-leather for sale, cheap for cash. Will exchange for green and dry hides, pork, lard, wheat, tallow, butter and cheese, and country orders.

HIRAM KIMBALL.

Nauvoo, Nov. 1st 1843. n27-1tf.

SELECT SCHOOL.

A SELECT SCHOOL will be opened by J. HATCH, Jr., on Mulholland Street, half a mile east of the Temple, on the 27th of November, 1843; in which will be taught the various branches of an English Education, together with Latin and Greek. Terms, three dollars per quarter for English, four for Greek and Latin.

References—to any Merchant on the Hill. Nov 15. 1843.

WANTED.

A FAITHFUL young man for four or six months; one that understands teaming and taking care of horses, and other work about the barn and house; one lately from the east will be preferred.

HIRAM KIMBALL.

N. B. The pay will be in bricks.

Nauvoo, Nov. 1st 1843. n27-1tf.

CLOCK AND WATCHMAKING.

M R. JOHN FRODSHAM, from Liverpool begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Nauvoo and vicinity, that he has commenced the above business at the corner of Main and Parley streets, and hopes by strict attention thereto, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage.

Cutting done on the shortest notice and in the neatest manner.

N B All orders promptly attended to.

Oct 18-n25-3n*

WORK! WORK!! WORK!!

THE undersigned wishes to let out a job of opening a stone quarry, and also to get out 30 cords of stone on the bank of the river.

If any person wishes to get Steam-boat wood this fall and coming winter, I will take from 500 to 1000 cords in exchange for bricks. I will also let a job of clay digging late this fall.

HIRAM KIMBALL.

Nauvoo, May 27, 1843. n22-tf.

POWERS & ADAMS.

Sept. 27, 1843. n22-tf.

NAUVOO ROPE MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the citizens of Nauvoo, and the surrounding country, that he has established a rope manufactory in this city, where he intends to manufacture Cordage of every description; bed cords, clothe lines, chalk lines &c., which he will sell at St. Louis prices. He intends keeping an assortment of the above mentioned articles constantly on hand. Any persons wishing to purchase will do well to examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. All orders promptly attended to.

HOW EGAN.

April 26, 1843. 52—tf

SPINNING WHEELS!

THE subscriber wishes to inform the citizens of Nauvoo and the public, that he is now manufacturing

Spinning Wheels

of all descriptions, and all other articles for the manufacturing of cloths, such as reels, swifts and looms. Also bed-steads of various descriptions. Also all kinds of turning done at shortest notice as he has a turning lathe propelled by steam in Messrs. W. & W. Laws' steam mill;

he will accommodate the citizens with all kinds of turning, such as bedstead posts, table legs, wooden bowls, and columns for buildings of every description; also carriage, cart, and wagon wheels, &c. &c. And for the accommodation of those who must necessarily have many of the above articles, as times are hard we would say to those who have no cash he will take in payment, for the above articles produce of various descriptions, such as wheat, oats, corn, and potatoes, also butter and cheese, lumber of various descriptions, store pay, in fact any thing wanted to eat or wear, to accommodate the poor. For information for the above places, call at Messrs. Laws' store or steam mill, or at his shop opposite the printing office.

SIDNEY ROBERTS.

May 24 1843. tf

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